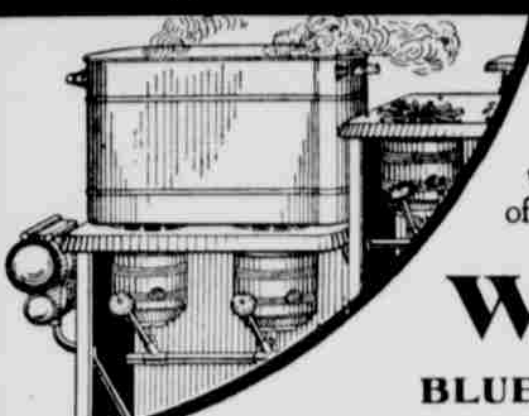


FROM WASHDAY

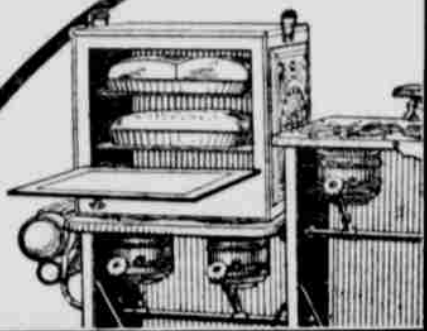


Wickless BLUE FLAME Oil Stove

will boil, bake, broil or fry better than a coal stove. It is safe and cleanly—can not become greasy, can not emit any odor. Made in several sizes, from one burner to five. If your dealer does not have them, write to nearest agency of

STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

From Monday to Saturday—at every turn in the kitchen work—a Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stove will save labor, time and expense—and keep the cook comfortable. No bulky fuel to prepare or carry, no waiting for the fire to come up or die down; a fraction of the expense of the ordinary stove. A



To BAKING DAY

WITH THE BIRDS.

Long years ago, one sunny day—
Alas, how dim and far away
That bright day now appears—
Companionless and lonely, I
For pastime, watched the clouds go by,
As since have gone the years.

I wandered where the brook leaped down
Its rocky channel by the town
In foamy, ceaseless flow,
I saw wild pigeons rise and fly,
Like arrows, cleaving the bright sky,
Shot from an archer's bow.

I heard the wood dove's plaintive note,
As softly, from her burnished throat,
It melted on the breeze;
I heard the plover's joy-notes ring
Across the pasture, quavering,
And die among the trees.

Two little wrens were building near
Their downy nest, where every year
They came to build and sing;
They seemed to love the spot, and there,
Their tender song, soft as a prayer,
Breathed welcome to the spring.

The morning long I watched them weave,
With patient care, beneath the eave,
Their soft and downy home;
I heard them sing their tender lay,
Their song of hope, that some near day
Nestlings would to it come.

And I see now, what then I saw
But vaguely, that one common law
Rules birds as well as men;
And glowing warm in every breast
Is that home-love, the dear home nest,
Which bids us build the dear home nest,
As doth the little wren.
—Charles H. Doing, in Washington Star.

A Grim Comedy

"WON'T you give us some of your acting this evening, dear Mrs. Sterling?"

The time was four p. m. Through the window we could see the rain sweeping over the lawn, as it had never ceased to do the last 48 hours, and my guests lounged about the big, uncomfortable hall in various stages of ennui.

"Oh, yes. Please act for us!" came in a chorus from all parts of the hall. And young Charlie Fleetwood excitedly sprang up and offered to improvise a temporary stage if I would consent to perform on it.

I would not make any rash promises, being doubtful, indeed, whether my somewhat limited repertoire included anything that would serve as a monologue. And the subject was still under discussion when tea was brought in, and with its fragrant presence carried our thoughts away from things theatrical to the more important matter of satisfying the cravings of physical nature.

Over the sodden lawn, battling with the wind and rain, half a dozen eager-looking men advanced and steered straight for the entrance porch.

We watched their progress in mild surprise, and then suddenly my curiosity was whetted by recognizing the foremost of the six as one of the keepers at the big lunatic asylum which stands, grim and silent, about a league from Winston Lodge.

This man—a burly, hard-faced Yorkshireman—walked straight into the hall, after knocking, and asked to see Mr. Sterling. My husband lazily rose and went with him to the door.

The keeper immediately commenced to talk to him in a loud, excited voice—so loud, in fact, that we could not avoid overhearing part of what he said. And that had the effect of throwing my guests into something like a panic, for the keeper spoke of a lunatic who had escaped from the asylum that morning after nearly murdering an attendant. The lunatic was still at large, and had been seen, not half an hour ago, lurking in a plantation near our house.

It was with rather a grave face that my husband returned to us. But he spoke some words to allay our alarm. Nothing to be frightened about. He would soon be caught. They were now scouring the country side in search of him.

But nevertheless it was some time before the more nervous members of our circle quite recovered their equanimity, and when the time came for retiring to dress for dinner that lunatic was still the leading topic of conversation.

"Well, have you prepared your programme for to-night, Mrs. Sterling?" Charlie Fleetwood asked when we met

in the dining-room.
"Don't ask questions!" I answered. "Let it be a pleasant surprise for you."
Afterward both question and answer proved to have a strange significance.

II.
We were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner. Felix was talking to the blonde widow about a curious book of heraldry he had been reading. He said he would show her the volume in question, and rose to go to the library to fetch it.

Now, Winston Lodge, which we have been accustomed to take each year for the shooting season, consists of an imposing central pile, with two long wings extending east and west. The house was too big for our requirements; consequently we only occupied the center and the west wing. But it was into the east wing that my husband had now gone, the library being situated there.

He had scarcely left the room when I recollected that the book he wanted was not in the library at all, and, to save him the futile task of looking for it, I ran after him.

I crossed the hall and plunged down the narrow, oak-paneled corridor leading to the east wing. My course was unilluminated, save for the dim moonlight that penetrated the mullioned windows, but I knew my way well enough, and marched along without hesitation.

I passed through the lofty picture gallery with its rows of old-world faces and grim guardian suits of armor. Out into a second passage I went—a low, tortuous passage, very dark, and smelling of musty tapestry.

Suddenly, as I was groping my way along, I saw a slight movement in front of me, and there, but a few feet away, stood a gray, silent human figure.

"Felix, is that you?" I said. And I won't be positive that there was not the suspicion of a quiver in my voice. There came no answer to the question, and the figure commenced to glide away down the passage.

Without waiting to get thoroughly frightened I followed it, quickening my pace a little. The mysterious form did the same.

Along and along we went, twisting and turning among the labyrinth of passages, and then at last, coming round a half-open door—the door of the library, where my husband was.

I darted forward, feeling quite brave, now that I was in the vicinity of Felix. But I was too late. The form glided into the room, silently closing the door, and I heard the key turning in the lock.

I stood there for a moment or two—puzzled, doubtful, alarmed. All at once there rushed upon me a horrible presentiment of impending doom, and with it a wild, irresistible desire to learn what was going on in that room.

I tried the door. It was securely locked. A few yards down the passage, high up in the wall, was a small window looking into the library. Directly underneath it was a heavy oak table. Onto that table I scrambled and glided my eyes to the dust-dimmed pane.

Shall I ever forget what I saw? I have dreamed of it a thousand times, and awakened shuddering in an agony of terror.

"Felix! Felix, turn round! Look!" Those were the words I shrieked as I dashed my bare hand through the window and withdrew it, bleeding.

And my warning was not a moment too soon. As my husband knelt in a corner over a pile of books, the tall, white-haired figure was already close on him, an upraised, weighted stick in his hand, the raging fire of insanity gleaming in his eyes.

But I was just in time. On hearing my voice my husband sprang round, caught the descending stick on his arm, and closed with his adversary in a fearful life and death struggle.

Thank heaven, I was not entirely impotent. With a cry of encouragement to my husband I sprang down, pushed up my skirts, and raced back along the passage. I ran as I never had run before. I knocked against furniture in the darkness, I stumbled and fell; but still, impelled as by a supernatural force, I rushed on.

Through the picture gallery I went, down the second corridor, across the hall, into the drawing-room.

I must have looked a remarkable figure as I rushed in among my guests. My hand was bleeding and the blood had stained my white evening gown. My hair was half down, my dress was torn. But what did appearances matter to me?

"The madman!" I gasped, panting for breath. "The escaped madman! He has got into the east wing, and Felix—my husband—must burst the door open. Come! Come!"

All eyes were turned upon me, but not a soul offered to move.

"Don't you understand me?" I cried, wringing my hands in my impatience. "There is not a moment to lose. My husband is fighting for his life! Why don't you come? Mr. Fleetwood, you hear me? Have pity—have pity!"

"You will be too late!" I screamed, in a perfect frenzy. "Felix will be dead—strangled by that madman's fingers—strangled, strangled!"

I repeated that awful word, scarce knowing what I said. The blood was rushing wildly in my head. I began to feel, clutching desperately at the air. And then, of a sudden, a strange, half-remembered sound rippled through the room—a sound terrible to listen to at first, yet giving me in the end an inkling of the truth.

It was the sound of hands clapping in applause. They thought I was acting!

I stormed and raved and shrieked as surely no actress could or would. I entreated and implored, and struggled the while with the feeling of faintness and numbness that was stealing over me.

And then, at length, seeing that my efforts to make them understand were utterly useless, I suddenly stopped and summoned up a smile as I listened to their applause and congratulations.

Somehow or other I induced them to follow me from the room, telling them that I had something to show them in the east wing—a further entertainment, which my husband and I had prepared. Their curiosity was whetted, and they consented to dawdle along behind me, laughing and chattering the while.

Only when they heard that last despairing cry of Felix did Fleetwood and one or two of the other men begin to gain a glimmer of the truth. It was with ever-increasing alarm that they hurried forward, and tried to force the library door, and, finally using the oak table as a ram, burst it open.

All of which I recollect as something that happened when I was in a semi-trance. I have a vague memory of looking into the room and seeing several persons there, and a struggle going on. I can recall the sight of Felix running out, pale and limping, but smiling, and of his holding out his arms to me. I went to meet him, and then—I swooned.—Times-Herald.

Spotting a Greeny.

Conductor—Keep your eye on that Blankville passenger, and see that he doesn't get carried past his station. He doesn't travel very often.

Brakeman—How do you know?

Conductor—He isn't a woman, and yet he's got the window up.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Plain.

"That proposition you talk of is a plain steal!" said the citizen who neglects to moderate his language. "No," said Senator Sorghum, in a tone of gentle reproof, "not so bad as that. You must admit that the plan has certain embellishments. It is not a plain steal. It's fancy."—Washington Star.

The Letter of the Law.

"See here, you sir!" cried her father, "didn't I tell you never to enter my home again?"

"No, sir, you didn't," replied the persistent suitor. "You said not to 'cross your threshold,' so I climbed in the window."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Real Thing.

The Stockholder—I've come to see you, sir, about the earnings of your company.

The President—Haven't you seen, sir, the published statement of our earnings?

The Stockholder—I have, but I want the facts.—Town Topics.

Can't be perfect health without pure blood. Burdock Blood Bitter makes pure blood. Tones and invigorates the whole system.

FINE CUBAN DRINK.

Natural Fountains of Coconut Water That is Cool, Refreshing and Eminently Satisfying.

The Cuban boys and girls know few of the joys of the fizzy soda fountain. They do not have orange phosphates to soothe their spirits during the year-long summer, but they have one thing in the way of drink which no American town, at least north of southern Florida, can provide. The children and grown folks, too, visit a coconut "fountain." There are hundreds of restaurants and cafes in Havana and in all the towns of Cuba where an important item of the stock is a huge pile of green coconuts, clad in their rich husks, just as they come from the trees. There are also many little shops very much like a familiar American lemonade stand, where these coconuts are the main stock in trade.

The proprietors of these stands are usually piratical-looking young men, who smoke eternal cigarettes and chat and laugh with all comers. Do you wish to try the virtue of a Cuban coconut fountain? Step up to the stand and say:

"Coco agua." (Coconut water.)

The proprietor will instantly machete and hack off the end of the husk close down to the coconut proper. Then he will bore out one of the little eyes of the coconut with the sharp point of the machete, set before you a tall glass, not too clean, and pour into it the sweet fresh milk of the coconut. Bits of the white meat of the nut will float around on top, and at first you are not quite certain whether you will like "coco agua" or not. But when you have tasted it a few times you conclude with the Cubans that there is no other drink in the world so cool, refreshing and satisfying in the horrid heat of the island as this. A full glass costs the equivalent of five cents or less.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE USEFUL UMBRELLA.

It Was Introduced to the People of England by a Brave Man, Named Jonas Hanway.

About 150 years ago on a very wet, disagreeable day a man walked through London carrying an umbrella.

"And what of that?" some one may say. "You can see hundreds of people doing the same thing on any rainy day."

That is true, but a century and a half ago you could not have seen a single person in England carrying an umbrella to protect himself from the rain. People said: "A man who cannot stand a little wetting is a rather weak man," and so they allowed nature to sprinkle



A GOOD RAIN PROTECTOR.

her showers down upon them at pleasure.

But finally there was a man who thought differently, and in those days it took a good deal of character to come out and oppose the old beliefs and do contrary to public opinion. Jonas Hanway was strong enough to do this, and, knowing that he would be greatly ridiculed for attempting to do such an unheard-of thing, he dared on this rainy day to walk out in the streets carrying an umbrella over him.

People stared at him in astonishment, rude boys laughed and children called after him, and some of the rudest threw stones at him. The idea of trying to protect one's self from rain! Why, no one had thought of such a thing in all these years! Some of the wealthiest people had umbrellas in their houses, and servants sometimes held them over the heads of "my lord and lady" as they stepped out to their carriages in a heavy rain, but no further use was made of them. But Jonas Hanway bore the ridicule and still carried his umbrella until by and by people began to think it was not such a bad idea after all, and to-day people think no more of carrying an umbrella than they do of walking down the street.

Umbrellas have been used in Asia from the earliest times we know of, but only as a sign of royalty or rank. The king of Siam is called "the supreme owner of the umbrella," meaning the umbrella of state, which is a very handsome affair, being made of crimson or purple silk, set with precious stones, trimmed with gold fringe and lined with white satin beautifully worked with silver flowers. An umbrella just like this is carried over the king's head wherever he goes, but if anyone else should dare carry one like it he would lose his head for doing so. On great occasions the umbrellas are built up into several stories—one on top of another—and bells are attached to them.

In China and Japan umbrellas are made of silk and waterproof paper, beautifully painted and glazed. In China the rank of a person is shown by the number of umbrellas that are carried in front of him. The emperor has 24, the heir to the throne ten and those of lower rank must carry a less number.—Chicago Record.

Street Incident.

"My Dear Sir," exclaimed Lawyer Bartholomew Livingston, meeting the Rev. Dr. Archibald Windham on the village street, "What does this mean? I thought you were laid up with all sorts of bad diseases!"

"And so I was," replied the reverend gentleman, "I had an attack of indigestion and from that time on my whole system has been in a disordered condition until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which has put me on my feet and cured all my stomach trouble."

"I don't doubt it," said the lawyer. "This same medicine cured my wife of rheumatism and my little girl of scrofula. When they say it's the best medicine money can buy they only tell the truth."

"Yes, yes, so they do," replied the minister, and the two passed on.

It is better for a man to forgive his enemy, than to take a thrashing.

Mr. W. S. Whedon, Cashier of the First National Bank of Winterset, Iowa, in a recent letter gives some experience with a carpenter in his employ, that will be of value to other mechanics. He says: "I had a carpenter working for several days on account of being troubled with diarrhoea. I mentioned to him that I had been similarly troubled and that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy had cured me. He bought a bottle of it from the drug-gist here and informed me that one dose cured him, and he is again at his work." For sale by Bivins & Rhodes.

The deaf mute with a hard toothache suffers untold agony.

Eczema, salt rheum, tetter, chafing, itchy poisoning and all skin troubles are quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The certain cure. Sharrar & Mulholland.

The hardest job in the world is to do nothing.

Dyspeptics cannot be long lived because to live requires nourishment. Food is not nourishing until it is digested. A disordered stomach cannot digest food, it must have assistance. Kodal Dyspepsia Cure digests all kinds of food without aid from the stomach, allowing it to rest and regain its natural functions. Its elements are exactly the same as the natural digestive fluids and it simply can't help but do you good. Sharrar & Mulholland.

The prime essential to happiness is well directed industry.

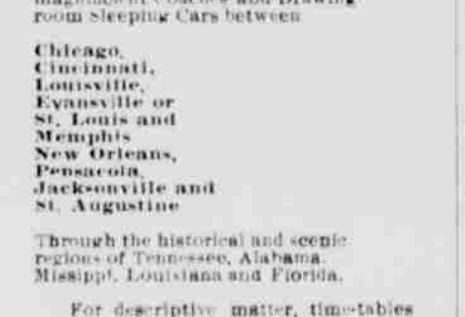
Stoutsville, Mo., May 5, 1900.
Gentlemen—I have been troubled with indigestion and constipation for the last two years, and have tried every remedy known, but had never received any relief until I was handed a trial bottle of Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin through our druggist, J. W. Watson, which gave me immediate relief, and I afterward bought a fifty cent bottle, which I can truthfully say has given me more relief than anything I have ever tried.—R. B. Hurd.

The dude with the puff shirt, pink tie and leather belt, is with us again.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
J. C. Stone, G. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

THE
LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE
RAILROAD
Operates the Finest Passenger Service in the South. The equipment is up-to-date, the road bed without equal and the time the fastest. Through trains of magnificent coaches and drawing room sleeping cars between
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CHICAGO BOAT
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Graham & Morton
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HOLLAND DIVISION.
The elegant side-wheel steamer CITY OF CHICAGO and steamer SOO CITY will perform a rapid service between Holland and Chicago.

Leave Holland daily 9:00 p. m., Ottawa Beach 11:00 p. m. (on arrival of train.)

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This gives all Northern and Eastern Michigan towns and cities a first class service at competitive rates.

Consult Pere Marquette Ry. agent for particulars.

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Leave St. Joseph daily 10:00 p. m., Saturdays excepted.

Leave Chicago daily 12:30 noon, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. (Saturdays 11:30 p. m.)

CHICAGO DOCK, FOOT OF WABASH AVE.
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Leave Ashby, Saginaw for Muskegon at 12:30 p. m. Close connections are made at Muskegon with all trains of D. & G. Detroit, Mich.

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